

His Ash-Mauve Eyes

by Upon a Shooting Star

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Summary: AU "Something warm, soft and ever-so gentle touched my lips. It only lasted the merest of touches but as I stared into his ash-mauve gaze, it might as well have lasted a century." Being kissed wasn't a big deal, right? But being kissed by Edgar Ashenbert, playboy extraordinaire and No.1 eligible bachelor on campus? That was a completely different matter, as Lydia Carlton found out.

His Ash-Mauve Eyes

Part One

From the first moment I saw those ash-mauve eyes, I knew that he was special, so very distinctive and on a completely different level from any man I had ever known. His presence commanded attention, his posture exuded elegance, his high cheekbones and strong jawline clearly defined his striking features, his striking ash-mauve eyes hidden beneath vibrant golden hair only added to his good looksâ€|and he oozed charm and arrogance in equal measures.

Of course, at that time I was too busy struggling against his hold to fully appreciate his features, and far too distracted to realise just who was restraining me.

I had just walked into the roomâ€"barely over the threshold, my hand still on the doorknobâ€"when I had been unceremoniously grabbed, a strong muscled arm going around my waist while a hand was slapped over my mouth, preventing me from crying out. Not that there would be a lot of people coming to my aid at this time of the night, when the majority of them would be soundly sleeping instead of creeping around like I had been.

In one swift movement, he swung me behind the door and pushed it shut with a firm thud, before dragging me to the large balcony and roughly pulling the curtains shut. Without any light from outside, natural or otherwise, the living room was plunged into darkness,

having not been lit beforehand. My handbag dropped to the ground, forgotten, as I began to struggle fervently. I had completely no idea who had grabbed me, as the room was too dark before to see clearly and the only thing I could be certain was that whoever it was, it was a male.

For a few seconds, I twisted and turned, jabbed him with my elbows, tried to stomp on his foot, and used every other move in-between to break out of his hold. However, his grip remained strong and the arm around my waist tightened, pressing me further into the hard planes of his chest until I could barely breathe.

After realising that my struggling was in vain, and only served to hurt myself if nothing else, I suddenly slumped against him, forcing him to bear the full weight of my body. I recalled that if you were unable to break out of a hold, then the next best thing to do was to sag against your assailant, giving yourself the advantage of surprise while also freeing up your legs should the need arise.

I felt his intake of breathe as he was suddenly forced to support me, so evidently I had taken him by surprise. He was probably expecting me to continue struggling until I tired myself out or until I gave up.

Even if escape was highly unlikely, I still had to try. I was not going to "I _refused_ to be a damsel in distress and until I had exhausted every avenue of escape, I was not going to give up. Giving up was for the weak and helpless, and I had left that chapter of my life far, far behind.

And then, he faltered.

Seizing my chance (and grimacing slightly at what I was about to do), I bit down on his hand while simultaneously twisting my body to the left, giving him a hard dig to the ribs with my elbow as I did so.

He grunted in pain and his arm loosened, his lapse in control giving me just enough time to stomp viciously on his foot before jerking out of his grasp. Gasping, and more than just a bit out of breathe, I fell down to my knees, adrenaline pumping through me and my heart thumping wildly in my chest.

With my sense of direction completely shot, somehow I managed to tangle into the heavy drapes covering the balcony window and ended up pulling it back slightly. The silver of light shining through the balcony allowed me to catch a glimpse of his features, however, it was too dark to see clearly. All I could determine was that he was tall, broad-shouldered and appeared very, _very _menacing.

I scrambled quickly to my feet, belatedly realising that I wasn't out of danger just yet, as I still had a possibly deranged man to contend with. Said deranged man was indeed looking the part, with his eyes narrowed to slits and a dark scowl on his face as he recovered from my assault. His scowl morphed into a full-on glare as his eyes fell upon me, his mouth tightening into a thin line.

I was getting more and more nervous by the second, not daring to look away from his murderous expression but unable to do anything else. Maybe it wasn't such a good idea after all to metaphorically stir the

bee hive" in other words, assault him" without thinking through the plan, or more importantly, what the second step should be.

In fact, it was a downright dangerous and a stupid plan and really, what was I thinking? That he would congratulate me on breaking out of his grasp and quite possibly breaking his ribs, before tripping over himself in his eagerness to open the door for me?

I gulped, wondering if I could still appeal to his sense of logic" assuming of course that he was even capable of listening to me, when he was literally on the warpath. His first target? Me, of course.

"Look, I didn't do anything," the heated glare he shot at me said differently, and I almost groaned at my choice of words. Yeah, right, I didn't do anything except mangle his hand, stick my elbow in his ribs and trample all over his foot. And let's not forget crashing myself against his body. No, nothing at all. "I mean, you attacked me first! I-I was only protecting myself!"

He took a menacing step forward, and I was ashamed to admit that I squeaked in terror and took a hasty step back. He probably didn't appreciate being blamed for being assaulted, but it really was kind of his own fault. Somehow, I didn't think that would go over too well with him, so I kept my mouth shut.

Something like amusement flittered across his face before his stormy expression changed into a smirk, the corner of his lip curling upward. A gleam had entered his eyes, and I shuddered to think what had made him switch moods so fast. Great, so on top of grabbing me without reason, acting all surly when he got hurt as I was trying to escape from his grip, he apparently was also bi-polar. Lovely. Just what I needed.

Unfortunately (or maybe it was fortunately, as I wasn't able to blurt out my thoughts), he took another step forward and I automatically backtracked, not wanting to be within reaching distance of him.

Step forward. Step backward

We continued this until I felt my back hit something cool and hard through my thin shirt. Too late did I realise that I should have taken more notice of my surroundings, as I was now effectively trapped and had nowhere to go at all. I was completely backed into a corner and was now at the mercy of the man before me.

The words, when he spoke them, left me wide-eyed in surprise, mouth slightly agape before understanding dawned upon me, and anger swept in, washing away everything in a haze of red.

Unbelievable! The nerve of that man, to suggest!!

How. Dare. He.

There were too many words that wanted to spill out (and none of them all that complimentary), which made it hard for me to decide which words I should impart on the grinning, arrogant, selfish pig before me.

"NO!" I was pretty sure my yell woke up the rest of the building, who

were probably dreaming sweet dreams and were now wondering what the hell was going on at 3am in the morning. "No way inâ€"! Absolutely NOT!"

Footsteps were approaching the room, but I ignored them. I could deal with the consequences later, but right now, I needed to put the annoying, chauvinist sorry excuse of a man in his place.

"What's goingâ€"why the heck is it so dark in here?!"

The overhead light fluttered to life, blinding me momentarily as my eyes adjusted to this new level of brightness after being in the dark for so long.

Unfortunately, when my eyes had finally adjusted and I could actually see, his face suddenly loomed up right in front of me, blocking my view of what was probably half of the dormitory at the doors, pushing and shoving at each other to see into the room. They certainly were making enough noise to bring the dorm down, as it wasâ€"and with good reason.

It then dawned on me who he actually was. Edgar Ashenbert. The _Edgar Ashenbert. _Cool, suave, flirty playboy Edgar Ashenbert, who had broken girls' hearts as easily as breathing, dumped more girls than he could count and who was the heir to a multi-million corporation. Eligible bachelor, check. Looks, check. Intelligence, check. Charm, check. Money, double check. So it was little wonder that girls flocked to him like lambs to slaughter, because that was where they were headed.

I admit, it was almost impossible not to like or have a crush on the single most eligible bachelor on the campus, not to be awed or admire him. Unlike most of the girls, I had kept my feelings to myself, and didn't even dream of being with Edgar or something similar, because I knew that the differences between us were so vast and unreachable that it was completely and utterly impossible. Besides, it was only a silly infatuation, nothing more, nothing less. I hardly even knew the guy! So there was no way in hell that anything would happen between us. Absolutely no way.

So of course, he had to do the unthinkable in plain view of our little audience, thus proving me very, _very_ wrong.

Something warm, soft and ever-so gentle touched my lips and it was a few seconds before my befuddled brain caught on to what was going on. It only lasted the merest of touchesâ€"a fleeting brush of the lipsâ€"but as I stared wide-eyed into his ash-mauve gaze, it might as well have lasted a century.

He was kissing meâ€"|

Kissingâ€"|

_Me_â€"|

By the time the thought had fully sunk into my mindâ€"and I was starting to panicâ€"he had already pulled away and was beaming widely, eyes almost closed in satisfaction, as if he was a little kid who had successfully sneaked a treat from right under his mother's watchful eye.

My lips still tingling, I tried to sort through the horribly jumbled mess that was my mind after he had so brazenly kissed me. I shouldn't haveâ€¦it wasn't rightâ€¦but why did I feel disappointed when he ended the kiss so quickly?

Why did I _enjoy _it so much?

I stared at him. He grinned back.

_They _gawked at us.

The previous raucous din outside the room had suddenly transformed into one of utter silence, flabbergasted expressions lining each and every one of their faces. Over his shoulder, I could even count some students with gaping jaws and bugging eyes, hanging onto each other or whoever was closest, for dear life.

â€¦since when had my life turned into some sort of real-life tv show?

Or better yet, whatever happened to anonymity? I had always been the quiet girl, the one who kept to herself and didn't draw attention, the one who was happy to stay in the background and away from the spotlight.

My eyes narrowed as I glared up at guy before me. Edgar happened, that's what. And he didn't even have the decency to look contrite at man-handling me in front of our bug-eyed, jaw-dropping silent audienceâ€¦assuming of course, that he was capable of such an emotion.

I opened my mouth, ready to give him a piece of my mind, because I, for one, had something to say to him when a sudden disturbance in the crowd at the door stopped me short.

Something was pushing their way through the human pile of students, and unfortunately for them, didn't seem to particularly care that they were shoving people right, left and centre to the ground in their haste to reach the front.

Before my very eyes, I gaped as the group of students were being knocked down like bowling pins, arms and legs tangled in a huge mess. Apparently, being pushed around with no remorse whatsoever finally elicited some yelps and startled cries from the previously frozen group at the ungainly way in which they were treated.

I quickly snuck a glance at Edgar, wondering if he was in the same state of bewilderment as I wasâ€¦and was utterly floored when I saw him _smiling_, of all things, with an expectant look on his features.

And was that amusement sparkling in his eyes? If so, then he was more sadistic than I had thought, if he derived pleasure from watching our fellow classmates tumble pathetically over each other, before collapsing gracelessly on the ground.

Actually, the perpetrator was some_one as I caught a clear glimpse of a slender guy with midnight black hair finally emerge from the ground-ridden mass of students, his green eyes immediately zeroing on

me.

Wait. Not on me exactly, but on the guy standing _next_ to me.

Edgar. Of course.

I groaned, resisting the urge to slap a hand against my forehead in defeat. I should have known that the whole fiasco had something to do with the trouble-maker beside me. No wonder he had been looking so smug before, because he knew what was happening.

I must have missed some sort of silent conversation between them, because when I raised my head, I saw the black-haired guy nod respectively before whirling around, unapologetically nudging some limbs awayâ€”

â€”and slamming the door shut on the pathetic pile of groaning and moaning students.

_Well. _He was certainly a ray of sunshine, possessing such a kind and considerate soul.

I scoffed dryly before realising that Edgar was giving me a rather intense look, ash-mauve eyes narrowed slightly as he studied me, bi-polar behavior in affect once again. Annoyance shot through me and remembering that I had a bone to pick with him before all this, I turned to face him, levelling him with my best glare.

"Why did youâ€”k-kiss me? I'm notâ€”I won't beâ€”" I trailed off, trying to ignore the reddening of my cheeks at how pathetic I sounded. Unfortunately, what had started off as a strong question had simply turned into something meek and not at all confident.

To my surprise, he didn't smirk or laugh, like I had expected him to, but what he did do, took my breathe away.

A single slender hand reached out and gently took my hand, his ash-mauve eyes looking steadily into mine. Before I could do anything, his head dipped down, his soft lips sending a tingle down my spine as it met with my skin. When he withdrew, I felt my heart skip a beat at the look on his face.

His whole face had changed; there was none of his earlier charm and arrogance, instead something infinitely more tender and warm softened the hard planes of his features, making him look more boyish, and uncharacteristically melancholy. There was a vulnerability to his open expression, almost as if he had never showed that expression to anyone, as if he had kept it hidden so well that even he didn't know what that expression looked like.

There was so much promise, so much affection in his eyes that I almost felt treasured, specialâ€”and loved. The third occupant of the room was long forgotten as I was so deeply captivated by his memorising ash-mauve eyes, so solely focused on the man before me.

And as Edgar repeated the words from earlier, in a soft and very sincere tone, I felt all my anger and irritation ebb out of me, replaced by a sudden rush of feeling that I didn't

understand.

Later, I would blame my response on my brain being scrabbled after my unceremonious ambush, the left-over adrenaline from fighting Edgar, and the highly unexpected kiss, but right then, with him looking so sincere, so open and hopeful, I found myself whispering the word that would change my life.

"_Be my girlfriend."_

"_Yes." _

* * *

><p>AN: Hm, Edgar and Lydia always fascinated me; the way they interacted, the so obvious chemistry between them...so I thought I'd give it a try. This is an AU fic, where Lydia, Edgar and Raven are in university, without their special powers, e.g. Lydia can't see faeries, Raven doesn't have a sprite inside him. However, I've tried to retain their distinct characteristics, so hopefully you can pick up on these in the fic.

Please let me know how I went and all comments welcome!

End
file.